

THE WINCHESTER WEEKLY APPEAL.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER---DEVOTED TO POLITICS, LOCAL INTERESTS, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, MECHANISM, EDUCATION---INDEPENDENT ON ALL SUBJECTS.

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Gen. Houston on the Presidency.

WASHINGTON CITY, July 21, 1855.

MY DEAR SIR—Your letter of the 27th of June ult., addressed to me at Huntsville, did not reach me until my arrival here. I thank you for your kind sentiments, and I assure you I reciprocate all that you have expressed. Any apology was unnecessary for addressing me on political subjects, as they are now so interesting to the public as well as to individuals. I thank you for your views and suggestions, and will render mine with perfect freedom and fidelity. You say in speaking of yourself, that "having been reared almost beneath the shades of the Hermitage, and in every sense a democrat, I feel all the reverence and confidence in the principles and integrity of the motives that actuated Gen. Jackson in his political course that I should do. The issue formerly dividing the old whig and democratic parties may no longer be said to exist, yet there is a difference in principles, arising out of the interpretation of the constitution of the United States, that must continue to exist as long as our present form of government continues."

Now, let us reflect for a moment, and observe that I, too, if not reared "beneath the shades of the Hermitage," was taught under the pure, vigorous and national democratic teaching of the revered and brave old chief, whose wisdom brought honesty, purity and vigor in the public service, with strength, love of union, honor and renown to the whole country. I marched with that old chief, and kept step with his democracy throughout his public life; and since he departed, I have never deviated a moment from his principles; and I tell you, you can say most truly, that not only the issues formerly dividing the old whig and democratic parties can no longer be said to have any practical existence, but that those parties themselves have no distinctive character. They have faded, become extinct, and expired.

One, the whig party lives only in the memory of its great name, its great abilities, and its great failures to accomplish practical results; the other, although it retains the name of democracy, has no memories to which the present organization can refer without a blush of shame. The democracy of to-day is a "compound" of heterogeneous materials; it has dwindled down to mere sectionalism, and is now but a faction. It has lost the principle of cohesion, and boasts no longer a uniform policy. When it followed with us the flag of the "old chief," it had a consistency of principle and firmness of purpose which gives a clear conviction of right. It had clear heads, and patriotic hearts, and clean hands ever ready in its support. It spoke wisdom and quiet at home, and every section rejoiced in our general prosperity; it announced its foreign policy, and negotiations abroad were no farther necessary than to communicate that announcement.

Where is that democracy to-day?—Swallowed up in unmitigated squatter sovereignty—in sectional bickerings and disputes—in disregarding compacts between the different sections of the Union, the repeal of which has led to insurrection in Kansas—in getting up Indian wars wherever Indians could be found, as a pretext for increasing the regular army, the estimated expenses of which, at this time are 12,000,000 per annum, when \$300,000 judiciously expended, would secure peace with every Indian tribe on the continent, and induce them to embrace the arts of civilization.

The foreign policy of the present democratic President has been far from creditable to our government. It, too, has shown a disposition to court alien influence to sustain it, while it has declared and practised a relentless proscription against native born American citizens. I will pursue this point no further. To ruminate upon it is painful enough for a man who loves his country, but when called upon by friends, I feel it due to them to expose my sentiments plainly. You and I, and tens of thousands of old democrats who were the true Covenanters under Jackson, wash our hands of these absurdities, follies and evidences of culpable mismanagement.

None of these things are fraught with the principles of that democracy which

was taught at the Hermitage, and treasured up by us. I can find no relief in the nomination made at Cincinnati. I regard the gentleman upon whom it fell as a man of abilities, and one with whom I have always maintained kind personal relations, and for Mr. Buchanan I yet entertain the highest respect. From his antecedents I cannot regard him as more patriotic and national than Mr. Fillmore. In the office of President, one has been tried, the other has not. It is a matter of astonishment to me that the nomination happened to fall to the lot of Mr. Buchanan, when other names, as I have learned, were used on the occasion, who had been active advocates of the Kansas Nebraska bill, which had been declared to be the main issue in the approaching Presidential contest. That plank is prominent in the platform, and the platform has been accepted, cordially, by the nominee. We have to regard squatter sovereignty as one of the cardinal points in modern democracy. The candidate, however, has merged himself in the platform, or the principles of it, which, to my mind, are not in harmony with Jackson democracy, and I accordingly repudiate them. I cannot separate the candidate and the platform in this instance as they are identical, inasmuch as the nominee has said that he could no longer speak for himself, as James Buchanan, but as the exponent of the principles set forth in the platform. I am constrained, according to my notions of democracy, to utterly reject the platform, and cannot give my support to the nominee of the present democratic party.

Of the republicans, I can only say that their platform and principles are sectional, and I cannot conceive how any man loving this Union and devoted to its principles, can support a ticket fraught with such disastrous consequences to the whole country as its success would be. It has been my habit in life to deprecate and oppose everything sectional in character, and therefore I cannot view with complacency anything which is calculated to militate against the Union, or any section of the whole country. You, my dear sir, know, as well as I do, that when Texas was annexed to the United States she did not consider herself as identified with any particular section, but viewed herself as merged in the Union. She had received the sympathy of the citizens of every section of the Union; her feeling, her interest and her existence, in becoming a member of the Union, she considered as inseparable from its preservation and prosperity.

A sense of duty, under these circumstances, leads me to the conclusion to support the American nominees—Fillmore and Donelson. They are good men, and I think the only men now in nomination for the Presidency and Vice Presidency before the American people who do most assuredly claim the cordial support of men who are true hearted American democrats and whigs. All faithful and naturalized citizens though of foreign birth, who cannot be controlled by any foreign allegiance, can come forward to their support as national men, capable and willing to support the constitution and the Union. Major Donelson, you know was brought up in the same school with ourselves, which was the old Jefferson and Jackson democracy—and he has ever proved true to his democratic education—the love of the Union being the polar star. Mr. Fillmore was a whig and served the people of his district while he was a representative in Congress. His service was satisfactory, and secured their confidence. When his official duties took a broader range, and new responsible duties devolved upon him as the head of the nation, he cast aside every sectional and local bias—his view on all important questions were limited only by the extent of his duty to the whole country. His services met the acceptance of the nation, and he retired from office with the approving voice of thousands who had been his former opponents. In my opinion, he administered the government wisely and well. He found the country in great excitement, as well as dissatisfaction, and even in peril; and yet he left it in repose, tranquility and safety; and it is a pleasure for me to look back and remember that without any deviation from my line of duty as a Jackson democrat, I was enabled to sustain and aid

him in most of his leading measures; and so, too, were nearly all the true hearted Jackson democrats of that time.

Were the democrats of the present day even as sound as they were then, though heresies had then been introduced into the party, I would cheerfully co-operate and act with them on many important subjects, but since they have recognized squatter sovereignty and their "great principle," (which I have been unable to discover,) of the Kansas-Nebraska bill, as tests of true democracy, making them the front flanks of their platform, I will not stand upon it, nor can I recognize such principles as truly democratic. It was the attempt to carry out such measures which has involved us in our present calamities and perilous situation. Hence the effort has been made to incorporate them with, and render them parts of the present platform of the time honored democracy, supposing, as no doubt they did, that the taismatic name of democracy would unite the American people in support of heresies as absurd as they are dangerous to the well being of the country. But, my dear sir, I will not attempt to go into detail further. I hope that Texas, when she comes to the polls in November next, will make a united rally for the American ticket, and that its triumph will be complete. I hope the friends of our Union and true democratic principles will rally around the sentiment of Gen. Jackson, and show their reverence for his memory and great services to the nation, expressed in his letter to Dr. Coleman, "that it is time we should become a little more Americanized."

Since the day on which this warning was given, our country has been progressing; and from developments which have taken place, it seems to me that the exigencies of the country impress upon us the necessity of feeling fully alive to our nationality, by evincing respect for his wise counsel. I will not assume to offer to the people of Texas the words of warning and admonition. In the words of Jackson they have higher counsel. The days once were when my admonitions and advice were offered to them. They will remember what my course among them has ever been—they know with what intense interest I ever sought to secure their peace and advance their prosperity. My devotion to them is not lessened at this moment—it can never abate so long as all I treasure upon earth remains in the bosom of that community. What estimate they may think proper to place upon my opinions, I am with them. To the aged and middle aged, I would speak as to brethren—to the younger men and the youth, I would speak as a father—and beseech them to take the course best calculated to restore harmony to our distracted country, and promote the general good.

Thine truly,
SAM HOUSTON.
Hon. J. HANCOCK, Austin, Texas.

The Boomerang.—This curious weapon peculiar to the natives of Australia, has often proved a puzzler to men of science. It is a piece of carved wood nearly in the form of a crescent, from 30 to 40 inches long, pointed at both ends, and the corner quite sharp. The mode of using it is as singular as the weapon. Ask a black to throw it so as to make it fall at his feet, and away it goes full forty yards before him skimming along the surface at 3 or 4 feet from the ground, when it will suddenly rise in the air 40 or 60 feet, describing a curve and finally dropping at the feet of the thrower. During its course it revolves with great rapidity on a pivot, with a whizzing noise. It is wonderful so barbarous a people have invented so singular a weapon, which sets laws of progression at defiance. It is dangerous for a European to try to project it at any object, as it may return and strike himself. In a native's hand it is a formidable weapon, striking without the projector being seen; like the Irishman's gun shooting around the corner, as well straight forward. It was invented to strike the Kangaroo, which is killed by it with certainty, and though a cope intervene between the animal and the hunter the boomerang comes around the corner and breaks his legs.

Don't believe it.
Provide things honest in the sight of all men.

DISASTERS COME NOT SINGLY.

BY LONGFELLOW.

Never stoops the soaring vulture,
On his quarry in the desert,
On the sick and wounded bison,
But another vulture, watching
From his high aerial lookout,
Sees the downward plunge and follows;
A third pursues the second,
Coming from the invisible ether,
First a speck and then a vulture,
Till the air is thick with pinions.
So disasters come not singly;
But, as if they watched and waited,
Scanning one another's motions,
When the first descends, and others
Follow, follow, gathering flockwise
Round the victim, sick and wounded,
First a shadow, then a sorrow,
Till the air is dark with anguish.

In 1854, after the close of his glorious administration, Millard Fillmore visited Savannah, Ga., and he was met and addressed by the Hon. John E. Ward, late president of the Cincinnati Convention, in the following style. Thousands of Democrats all over the country have spoken in the same way of Millard Fillmore but now that he is a candidate of another party they accuse him of being an abolitionist, &c.

We have published this before, but as it's so good, and the authority so high, we print it again. After the opening part of his welcome, in speaking of the tempest in which Mr. Fillmore found the Ship of State when he entered upon his executive duties, Mr. Ward used the following:

"IT WAS YOUR LOT TO BREAST THAT STORM, AND BID ITS MUTTERINGS CEASE, and to do that you must turn away from the crowds of flatterers to tread the lonely path of duty. With your robes of office as with a panoply of ice, you wrapped yourself from all the prejudices of earlier years, and from all the temptations which then surrounded you. Unterrified by threats, unswayed by clamors, you held in your steady course, preserved the Constitution of your country, gave peace to the land we love, and repose to the institutions which we cherish, illustrating to the world that 'peace had its victories no less renowned than war's.'"

PERSON AND THE BOTTLE.—When Hoppner, the painter, was residing in a cottage a few miles from London, Porson one afternoon unexpectedly arrived there. Hoppner said that he could not offer him dinner, as Mrs. H. had gone to town, and had carried with her the key of the closet which contained the wine. Porson, however declared that he would be content with a mutton chop and beer from the next ale house, and accordingly stayed to dine. During the evening Porson said—

"I am quite certain that Mrs. Hoppner keeps some nice bottle, for her private drinking in her own bedroom; so pray try if you can lay your hands on it."

His host assured him that Mrs. H. had no such secret stores; but Porson insisted that a search should be made. A bottle was at last discovered in the lady's apartment, to the surprise of Hoppner and the joy of Porson, who soon finished its contents, pronouncing it to be the best gin he had tasted for a long time. Next day, Hoppner, somewhat out of temper, informed his wife that Porson had drunk every drop of her concealed dram.

"Drunk every drop of it!" cried she; "good heavens! it was spirits of wine for the lamp!"

IMMIGRATION.—The number of the passengers arrived at the port of Quebec, from the opening of navigation up to the 18th ult., is 14,147; to the corresponding date of last year, 13,494. Increase this year, 753. There is a falling off this season of nearly 3000 from Ireland and Scotland, but an increase of more than 4000 from England, Germany, Norway and Sweden.

The Pulaski Citizen indulges in the following bit of spice:

"Talk to your sweethearts, girls—tell them you cannot make them happy unless they vote your way. Talk to your old men, ladies—tell them you will not mend their trowersloons, nor darn their socks, nor smile for them, unless they come up to your help in the election of Millard Fillmore. Do not let the White House be converted into a Bachelors' hall."

SWISS COURTING.

In Switzerland, when a girl has arrived

at a marriageable age, the young men of the village assemble by consent on a given night at the gallery of chalet in which the fair one resides. This creates no manner of surprise in the mind of her parents, who not only wink at the practice, but are never better pleased than when the charms of their daughter attract the greatest number of admirers. The arrival is soon announced by sundry taps at the different windows. After the family in the house have been roused and dressed—for the scene usually takes place at midnight, when they have all retired to rest—the windows of the room are prepared for the occasion, in which the girl is first alone, is opened. Then a parley commences of rather a boisterous description; each man in turn urges his suit with all the eloquence and art of which he is possessed. The fair one hesitates, doubts, asks questions, but comes to no decision. She then invites the party to partake of a repast of cakes and kirschwasser, which is prepared for them on the balcony. Indeed, this entertainment, with the strong water of the cherry, forms a prominent feature in the proceedings of the night.

After having regaled themselves for some time, during which and through the window she has made use of all the witchery of woman's art, she feigns a desire to get rid of them, and will call her parents to accomplish this object. The youths, however, are not to be put off, for, according to the custom of the country, they have come here for the express purpose of compelling her, on that night, there and then, to make up her mind, and to declare the object of her choice.

At length, after a further parley, her heart is touched; or she pretends it is, by the favored swain. After certain preliminaries between the girl and her parents her lover is admitted through the window, where the affiance is signed and sealed, but not delivered, in presence of both father and mother. By consent of all parties, the ceremony is not to extend beyond a couple of hours, when, after a second jollification with kirschwasser, they all retire—the happy man to bless his stars, but the rejected to console themselves with the hope that at the next tournament of love-making they may succeed better. In general, the girl's decision is taken in good part by all, and is regarded as decisive.

TELL ME YE WINGED WINDS.

The poem which follows is said, by a correspondent, to have been written by Charles Mackey, who was for some time editor of the Glasgow Argus, and to have appeared in a little volume called "Voice from the Crowd." It is a beautiful thing, and addresses itself to the heart:

Tell me ye winged winds,
That round my pathway roar,
Do you not know some spot
Where mortals weep no more?
Some lone and pleasant dell,
Some valley in the west,
Some secluded home, where
This weary soul may rest?

The loud winds soften to a whisper low,
And sigh for pity as it answered—"NO!"

Tell me thou mighty deep,
Whose billows round me play,
Know'st thou some favored spot,
Some island far away,
Where weary man may find
That bliss for which he sighs,
Where sorrow never lives
And friendship never dies?

The loud waves rolled in perpetual flow,
Stopped for awhile, and sighed to answer—"no!"

And thou sereneest moon,
That with such holy face
Dost look upon the earth,
Asleep in night's embrace,
Tell me, in all thy round,
Hast thou not seen some spot,
Where miserable man
Might find a happier lot?

Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in woe,
And a voice sweet but sad responded—"no!"

Tell me my secret soul,
O tell me, Hope and Faith,
Is there no resting place
From sorrow, sin and death?
Is there no happy spot,
Where mortals may be blessed;
Where grief may find a balm,
And weariness a rest?
Faith, Hope and Love, best boons to mortals given,
Waved their bright wings, and whispered—"Yes, IN HEAVEN!"

LIFE OF FREMONT.

The following elaborated life of the

present abolition candidate for President is taken from the New York News: 1812—Born in Charleston, and hearing of the war with England, immediately takes to arms, enrolls in the infantry.

1813—Tears a cap, resembling the British flag from his nurse's head; arrival of his mother to her aid; final triumph of the young Know Nothing.

1814—Conquers his aunt in a grand battle.

1815—Overthrows his grandmother.

1816—Discovers the source of his nurse's large bier.

1817—Explores his grandmother's jam and preserve cupboard.

1818—Gets up his uncle's apple tree.

1842—Climbs the Rocky Mountains.

1843—Captures a woolley horse.

1855—Performs Othello to Benton's Brabantio.

1844—Eats a horse, assisted by Raymond, Greeley and Bennett—Live Oak George too sick to relish it.

1856—Sets out on an expedition to explore the White House at the head of a lot of niggers.

1857—Not being heard of afterwards, subscriptions were raised to send out Kane on an exploring expedition.

1900—Fossil remains found in Pennsylvania Avenue—supposed to be the mortal relics of Fremont, Bennett, Greeley and Raymond—part of a Tribune for 1856 found sticking in Raymond's esophagus.

The Nashville Patriot invites attention to the following letter and says "it is only one of the numberless and base frauds which are being perpetrated by the Bucaniers to injure the confidence of the people in Mr. Fillmore's prospects:

Puns. Com.—I see by your issue of the 4th inst., in an article headed "Political of Indiana," a statement which requires correction. You say, "Col. White, one of the electors nominated on the Fillmore ticket, has declined." As I am the only individual by the name of White nominated on that ticket, I must, therefore, be the party referred to. I have not declined, and neither shall I, be the result of what it may. And furthermore, neither can the friends of Buchanan or Fremont, buy, sell or transfer me to their ranks, while our standard bearer maintains his present national character.

Respectfully, W. M. E. WHITE.

Aurora, Ind., Aug. 8th, 1856.

POPULATION OF TERRITORIES WHEN THEY BECAME STATES.—The following interesting facts in regard to the Territories are taken from the Majority Report of the Committee on Territories of the House of Representatives, on the question of admitting Kansas:

The amount of population necessary to the admission of a State being left by the Constitution wholly to the discretion of Congress, its action in almost every instance, affords no uniform precedent.

Tennessee, admitted June 1, 1796, by the census of 1790, a white population of 82,013.

Indiana, admitted December 11, 1816, had, by the census 1810, a white population of 23,800.

Louisiana, admitted April 8, 1812, had, by the census of 1810, a white population of 34,311.

Mississippi, admitted December 10, 1817, had, by the census of 1820, three years after her admission, a white population of 42,176.

Missouri, admitted March 2, 1821, had, by the census of 1820, a white population of 25,671.

Florida, admitted March 3, 1845, had, by the census of 1830, a white population of 24,671.

In an artesian well now in course of excavation in New Orleans, the auger recently brought up, from a depth of five hundred and eighty feet sand thickly interspersed with fibres of wood, fragments of bark, shells, &c. It was thought wonderful, not long since, to find shells and vegetable remains at a depth of sixty feet; but in this case they were found at nearly six hundred feet.

A son having asked his father's age, the father replied: "Your age is 21 years; to which if five-eighths of both our ages be added, the sum will be equal to mine."

What was the father's age?